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John Bell

BEZEL EDITION.
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAPTER TO CHURCHILL.



MILTON VOLUME 1.
Thus with expanded wings he fires his flight
Mellanchant on the dusky Air.

For John Bell & Co. London.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]





REE'S EDITION.
 THE PORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN
 COMPLETE FROM
 CHARTER to CHURCHILL.



MILTON VOLUME I.
 Then with expanded wings he sweeps his flight
 Most incumbent on the dusky Air.

Alfred, del.

Blot. fecit.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Nov: 20. 1777



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

FROM
THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A

CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE *Apollo Press*, BY THE MARTINS,

Anno 1776.



PARADISE LOST.

A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

FROM

THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Galli! Propert.

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VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1776.

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Life
Edward Family LIFE OF
4-29-32 JOHN MILTON.

From a family and town of his name in Oxfordshire our Author derived his descent; but he was born at London in the year 1608. The publisher* of his works in prose (on whose veracity some part of this Narrative must entirely depend) dates his birth two years earlier than this; but, contradicting himself afterwards in his own composition, I reduce it to the time that Monsieur Bayle has assigned, and for the same reason which prevailed with him to assign it. His father, John Milton, by profession a scrivener, lived in a respectable manner, on a competent estate entirely his own acquisition; having been early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the Church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted. By his wife, Sarah Coston, he had likewise one daughter, named Anna, and another son, Christopher, whom he trained to the practice of the Common law; who in the Great Rebellion adhered to the Royal cause; and in the reign of King James II. by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the Court, both religious and civil, he attained to the dignity of being made a judge of the Common Pleas; of which he died divested not long after the Revolution.

* Mr. Toland.

But John, the subject of the present Essay, was the favourite of his father's hopes, who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expense of a domestic tutor; whose care and capacity his pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent *An. Ætat. 12.* Latin elegy. At his initiation he is said to have applied himself to letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevailed with to quit his studies before midnight; which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St. Paul's school, to complete his acquaintance with the Classics, under the care of Dr. Gill: and after a short stay there was *An. Ætat. 15.* transplanted to Christ's College in Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in all kinds of academical exercises. Of this society he continued a member till he commenced Master of Arts; and then leaving the University, he returned to his father, who *An. Ætat. 23.* had quitted the Town, and lived at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement his mother died; and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained *An. Ætat. 30.* of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time Provost of Eton College, gave

him a letter of advice * for the direction of his travels; but by not observing an excellent maxim in it, he incurred great danger, by disputing against the superstition of the Church of Rome within the verge

* " SIR,

Eton College, 10th April, 1638.

" It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, for you left me with an extreme thirst, and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time, among which I observed you to have been familiar.

" Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me, how modestly soever, the true artificer: for the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of itationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

" Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you: I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside, by my choice, some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

" I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea

of the Vatican. Having employed his curiosity about two years in France and Italy *, on the news of a Civil war breaking out in England, he returned without taking a survey of Greece and Sicily, as, at his setting out, the scheme was projected. At Paris the

“ to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal
 “ as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence
 “ or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the
 “ interest you have given me in your safety.

“ At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto
 “ Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times,
 “ having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with
 “ all his family were strangled, save this only man, that
 “ escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had
 “ often much chat of those affairs; into which he took
 “ pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at
 “ my departure toward Rome, which had been the center
 “ of his experience, I had won confidence enough to beg
 “ his advice how I might carry myself securely there, with-
 “ out offence of others, or of my own conscience. *Signor*
 “ *Arrigo meo*, says he, *I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto*,
 “ that is, “ Your thoughts close, and your countenance
 “ loose, will go safely over the whole world.” Of which
 “ Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment
 “ doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will
 “ commit you with it to the best of all securities, God’s
 “ dear love, remaining your friend, as much at command
 “ as any of longer date.

“ H. WOTTON.

P. S. “ Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-boy,
 “ to prevent your departure without some acknowledgement
 “ from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, ha-
 “ ving myself, through some business, I know not how,
 “ neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where
 “ I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent
 “ to entertain you with home novelties, even for some
 “ fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the
 “ cradle.”

* *Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea metes,—
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis: pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musae Thufca retinebat in urbe.*

Epitaph: Dam.

Lord Viscount Scudamore, ambassador from King Charles I. at the court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius *, who, at that time, was honoured with the same character there by Christina Queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning; several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship and esteem, which are printed before his Latin poems. The first of them was written by Manso Marquis of Villa, a great patron of Tasso, by whom he is celebrated in his poem on the conquest of Jerusalem †. It is highly probable that to his conversation with this noble Neapolitan we owe the first design which Milton conceived of writing an epic poem: and it appears, by some Latin verses addressed to the Marquis with the title of *Mansus*, that he intended to fix on King Arthur for his hero: but Arthur was reserved to another destiny!

Returning from his travels, he found England on the point of being involved in blood and *An. Ætat. 32.* confusion. It seems wonderful that one of so warm and daring a spirit as his certainly was, should be restrained from the camp in those unnatural commotions. I suppose we may impute it wholly to the great deference he paid to paternal authority, that he re-

* *Defensio Secunda*, p. 96. *Fol.*

† “*Fra Cavalier’ magnanimi, e cortesi*

“*Resplende il Manso.*” — *Lib.* 20.



PARADISE LOST.

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JOHN MILTON.

FROM

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posed of his library, (which we may suppose to have been a valuable collection) he left no more than fifteen hundred pounds behind him for the support of his family: and whoever considers the posts to which he was advanced, and the times in which he enjoyed them, will, I believe, confess he might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune. In a dispassionate mind it will not require any extraordinary measure of candour to conclude, that though he abode in the heritage of oppressors, and the spoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conscience nor his honour could stoop to gather them.

A commission to constitute him Adjutant-general *An. Ætat. 42.* to Sir William Waller was promised, but soon superseded by Waller's being laid aside, when his masters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenness of his pen had so effectually recommended him to Cromwell's esteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanced him to be Latin secretary both to himself and the Parliament: the former of these preferments he enjoyed both under the Usurper and his son; the other 'till King Charles II. was restored. For some time he had an apartment for his family in Whitehall; but his health requiring a freer accession of air, he was obliged to remove from thence to lodgings which opened into St. James's Park. Not long after his settlement there his wife died in child-

bed; and much about the time of her death a gutta serena, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguished his sight*. In this melancholic condition he was easily prevailed with to think of taking another wife, who was Catharine the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney; and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; to whose memory he does honour in one of his Sonnets.

These private calamities were much heightened by the different figure he was likely to make in the *Ann. Hist. 32.* new scene of affairs which was going to be acted in the

* It was the sight of his left eye that he lost first; and it was at the desire of his friend Leonard Philarus, the Duke of Parma's minister at Paris, that he sent him a particular account of his case, and of the manner of his growing blind, for him to consult Thevenot the physician, who was reckoned famous in cases of the eyes. The letter is the fifteenth of his Familiar Epistles. is dated September 28, 1654, and is thus translated by Mr. Richardson:

"Since you advise me not to fling away all hopes of recovering my sight, for that you have a friend at Paris, Thevenot the physician, particularly famous for the eyes, whom you offer to consult in my behalf, if you receive from me an account by which he may judge of the causes and symptoms of my disease, I will do what you advise me to. that I may not seem to refuse any assistance that is offered, perhaps, from God.

"I think 'tis about ten years, more or less, since I began to perceive that my eye-sight grew weak and dim, and at the same time my spleen and bowels to be oppress'd and troubled with flatulency: and in the morning when I began to read, according to custom, my eyes grew painful immediately, and to refuse reading, but were refresh'd after a moderate exercise of the body. A certain iris began to surround the light of the candle if I looked at it; soon after which, on the left part of the left eye (for that was

state : for all things now conspiring to promote the King's restoration, he was too conscious of his own activity during the usurpation to expect any favour from the Crown; and therefore he prudently absconded 'till the act of Oblivion was published; by which he was only rendered incapable of bearing any office in the nation. Many had a very just esteem of his admirable parts and learning who detested his principles, by whose intercession his pardon passed the seals : and I wish the laws of Civil history could have extended the benefit of that oblivion to the memory of his guilt, which was indulged to his person ; *Ne tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitisse, aut non vindicata fuisse, videatur.*

Having thus gained a full protection from the go-

" some years sooner clouded) a mist arose which hid every
 " thing on that side; and looking forward, if I shut my
 " right eye objects appeared smaller. My other eye also,
 " for these last three years, failing by degrees, some months
 " before all sight was abolished, things which I looked upon
 " seemed to swim to the right and left; certain inveterate
 " vapours seem to possess my forehead and temples, which
 " after meat, especially quite to evening, generally urge
 " and depress my eyes with a sleepy heaviness : nor would
 " I omit, that whilst there was as yet some remainder of sight,
 " I no sooner lay down in my bed, and turned on my side,
 " but a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes; and as
 " my sight diminished every day, colours gradually more
 " obscure flashed out with vehemence; but now that the
 " lucid is in a manner wholly extinct, a direct blackness,
 " or else spotted, and, as it were, woven with ash-colour,
 " is used to pour itself in. Nevertheless, the constant and
 " settled darkness that is before me, as well by night as
 " by day, seems nearer to the whitish than the blackish; and
 " the eye rolling itself a little, seems to admit I know
 " not what little smallness of light as through a chink."

vernment, (which was in truth more than he could have reasonably hoped) he appeared as much in public as he formerly used to do; and employing his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a third consort, on his recommendation he married Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. Minshul, a Cheshire gentleman, by whom he had no issue. Three daughters by his first wife were then living, two of whom are said to have been very servicable to him in his studies: for, having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their respective originals whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleasant to be continued for any long process of time; and therefore he dismissed them, to receive an education more agreeable to their sex and temper.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view in which he will be looked on by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the *Mask of Comus* *, *L' Allegro*, *An. Æt.* * 26. *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas* †; all in such † 29. an exquisite strain, that though he had left no other monuments of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal. But neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, could

depress the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a design he had long conceived of writing an heroic poem *. The Fall of Man was a subject which he had some years before fixed on for a tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of Antiquity; and some, not without probability, say the play opened with that speech in the Fourth Book of *Paradise Lost*, ver. 32. which is addressed by Satan to the Sun. Were it material, I believe I could produce other passages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that he did not begin to mold his subject in the form which it bears now before he had concluded his controversy with Salmasius and More; when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes, and was forced to employ in the office of an amanuensis any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements and various interruptions, in the year 1669 he published his *Paradise Lost* †; the noblest Poem, next to those of Homer and Virgil, that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest geniuses who have succeeded him have ever esteemed it a merit to relish and illustrate its beauties? whilst the critic who gazed, with so much

* *Paradise Lost*, B. IX, v. 26.

† Milton's contract with his bookseller, S. Simmons, for the copy, bears date April 27, 1667.

wanton malice, on the nakedness of Shakespeare when he slept, after having * formally declared war against it, wanted courage to make his attack, flushed though he was with his conquests over Julius Cæsar and the Moor; which insolence his Muse, like the other assassins of Cæsar †, severely revenged on herself; and not long after her triumph became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our observation, that though, perhaps, no one of our English poets hath excited so many admirers to imitate his manner, yet I think never any was known to aspire to emulation: even the late ingenious Mr. Philips, who, in the colours of style, came the nearest of all the copiers to resemble the great original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence, and restrained his ambition within the same bounds which Lucretius prescribed to his own imitation:

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod TE imitari aveo: quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis?-----

And now, perhaps, it may pass for fiction what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that Milton, after having, with much difficulty, prevailed to have this divine Poem licensed for the press, could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds; the payment of which valuable consideration depended on the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may

* The Tragedies of the last age considered, p. 143.

† Vide Edgar.

personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About two years after, together with Samson Agonistes, (a tragedy not unworthy the Grecian stage when Athens was in her glory) he published *Paradise Regain'd* *. But, Oh! what a falling off was there!—Of which I shall say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason than our Author gave in preferring this Poem to *Paradise Lost*; nor a more instructive caution to the best writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

And thus, having attended him to the sixty-sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our inquiry would allow, it now only remains to be recorded, that, in the year 1674, the gout put a period to his life at Bunhill near London; from whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles's church by Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the chancel; but neither has nor wants a monument to perpetuate his memory.

In his youth he is said to have been extremely handsome: the colour of his hair was a light-brown; the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and

* They were licensed July 2, 1670, but not printed before the year ensuing.

ruddy; which occasioned the Marquis of Villa to give his Epigram the same turn of thought which Gregory, Arch-deacon of Rome, had employed above a thousand years before, in praising the amiable complexions of some English youths before their conversion to Christianity *. His stature (as we find it measured by himself †) did not exceed the middle size; neither too lean, nor corpulent; his limbs well proportioned, nervous, and active; serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted, and wanted neither skill nor courage to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. Being too sadly convinced how much his health had suffered by night-studies in his younger years, he used to go early (seldom later than nine) to rest, and rose commonly before five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a passage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition) that his fancy made the happiest flights in the Spring: but one of his nephews used to deliver it as Milton's own observation, that his invention was in its highest perfection from September to the Vernal Æquinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his compositions are incontestible proofs that,

* *Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse furca.*

† *Defensio Secunda, p. 87. Fol.*

in some seasons, he was but one of the people. When blindness restrained him from other exercises, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health ; and diverted himself in his chamber with playing on an organ. His deportment was erect, open, affable ; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive ; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required. His judgment, when disengaged from religious and political speculations, was just and penetrating ; his apprehension quick ; his memory tenacious of what he read ; his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. And having treasured up such immense stores of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of his sight ; and his imagination (naturally sublime, and enlarged by reading romances *, of which he was much enamoured in his youth) when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the ideal world, when, in composing his Divine Work, he was tempted to range

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere.

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with the fame and felicity of writing *Paradise Lost*, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.

* His *Apology for Smectymnuns*, p. 177. *Fill.*

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a younger brother and a sister. His brother, Christopher Milton, was a man of totally opposite principles; was a strong Royalist, and after the Civil war made his composition through his brother's interest; had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bencher; and being a professed Papist, was, in the reign of James II. made a judge and knighted; but soon obtained his quietus by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister, Anne Milton, had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips, (son of Mr. Edward Philips of Shrewsbury) who coming young to London, was bred up in the Crown-office in Chancery, and at length became secondary of the office under Mr. Bembo. By him she had, besides other children who died infants, two sons, Edward and John. Among our Author's juvenile poems there is a copy of verses on the Death of a fair Infant dying of a cough; and this being written in his 17th year, as it is said in the title, it may be naturally inferred that Mrs. Philips was elder than either of her brothers. She had likewise two daughters, Mary, who died very young, and Anne, who was living in 1694, by a second

husband, Mr. Thomas Agar, who succeeded his intimate friend Mr. Philips in his place in the Crown-office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned.

Our Author, before his marriage, had four children; a son, who died an infant, and three daughters, who survived him. By his first wife he had only one daughter, who died soon after his death, and by his second wife he had no children at all. His daughters were not sent to school, but were instructed by a mistress kept at home for that purpose; and he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, without understanding any but English, for he used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman; but this employment was very irksome to them, and this, together with the sharpness and severity of their mother-in-law, made them very uneasy at home; and therefore they were all sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and silver. As Milton, at his death, left his affairs very much in the power of his widow, tho' she acknowledged that he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds, yet she allowed but one hundred pounds to each of his three daughters. Anne, the eldest, was decrepit and deformed, but had a ve-

ry handsome face; she married a master-builder, and died in childbed of her first child, who died with her. Mary, the second, lived and died single. Deborah, the youngest, in her father's life-time, went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August 1727, in the 76th year of her age. She is said to have been a woman of good understanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumstances. As she had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to her father, she could have repeated a considerable number of verses from the beginning of both these poets, as Mr. Ward, Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, relates upon his own knowledge; and another gentleman has informed me, that he has heard her repeat several verses likewise out of Euripides. Mr. Addison, and the other gentlemen who had opportunities of seeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the similitude of her countenance to her father's picture; and Mr. Addison made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring for her some annual provision for her life; but his death happening soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She received presents, likewise, from several other gentlemen, and Queen Caroline sent her fifty pounds by the hands of Dr. Freind the physician. She had ten children, seven sons and three daughters.

but none of them had any children, except one of her sons, named Caleb, and one of her daughters, named Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the East Indies, where he married, and had two sons, Abraham and Isaac; the elder of whom came to England with the late Governor Harrison, but returned upon advice of his father's death, and whether he or his brother be now living is uncertain. Elizabeth, the youngest child of Mrs. Clarke, was married to Mr. Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spital-fields, and had seven children, who are all dead; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good plain sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above.

To what has been said in the Life, of our Author's having no monument, it may not be improper to add, that on inquiry at St. Giles's church, the sexton shewed a small monument, which he said was supposed to be Milton's; but the inscription had never been legible since he was employed in that office, which he has possessed about forty years. This, sure, could never have happened in so short a space of time, unless the Epitaph had been industriously erased; and that supposition carries with it so much inhumanity, that we ought to believe it was not erected to his memory.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE works of inferior geniuses have their infancy, and often receive additions of strength and beauty in the several impressions they undergo whilst their authors live: but the following Poem came into the world, like the persons whom it celebrates, in a state of maturity. However, though in the first edition it was disposed into Ten Books only, Milton thought proper, in the second, to make a new division of it into Twelve: not, I suppose, with respect to the *Æneis*, (for he was, in both senses of the phrase, above imitation) but more probably, because the length of the Seventh and Tenth required a pause in the narration, he divided them each into two; on which distribution, to the beginning of those Books which are now the Eighth and Twelfth, he added the following verses, which were necessary to make a connexion.

Book VIII. ver. 25

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.

The latter half of the verse was taken from this in the first edition,

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.

Volume I.

C.

cording as the Action, which it relates, is more or less so. This Action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but One Action : Secondly, it should be an Entire Action : and, Thirdly, it should be a Great Action. To consider the Action of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, in these three several lights. Homer, to preserve the Unity of his Action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed : had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several Actions. He, therefore, opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before this fatal dissension. After the same manner Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium : but because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode, in the second and third books of the Æneid ; the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though, for preserving of this Unity of Action, they follow it in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his Paradise Lost with

an infernal council plotting the fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for these great actions, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which preceded in point of time, and which, in my opinion, would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Books, by way of episode to this noble Poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable, though, at the same time, that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it, in some measure, to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great

great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art, in his Poem on the fall of Man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Beside the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another episode would have done that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanish Frigate, or, the Double Discovery, where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the Action of an epic poem is, that it should be an entire Action. An Action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it; as, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular progress which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The Action in Milton excels, I think, both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts

of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural order.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its Greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Asia, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of Hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are Man in his greatest perfection, and Woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen Angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of Nature or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable Poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say that the book of Games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the Top, and many other of the same kind in the Iliad, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from them-

circumscribe the Action of an epic poem within any determined number of years, days, or hours. But of this more particularly hereafter.

Having examined the Action of *Paradise Lost*, let us, in the next place, consider the Actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering; first, the Fable; and, secondly, the Manners; or, as we generally call them in English, the Fable and the Characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his Characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners as by their dominions; and even those among them whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad* which the reader may not ascribe to the person that speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived in three ages of men, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal Actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince who was the father of so many

kings and heroes. There is in these several Characters of Homer a certain dignity, as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem: though, at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a Vulcan, that is, a buffoon, among his gods, and a Thersites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the Characters of his poem; both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is indeed a perfect character; but as for Achates, though he is styled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. Gyas, Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

— *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

Virg.

There are, indeed, several very natural incidents in the part of Ascanius, as that of Dido cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lausus and Mezéntius are almost parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Nisus and Eurialus are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the persons of the Æneid, which we meet with in those of the Iliad.

If we look into the Characters of Milton, we shall find that he *has* introduced all the variety his fable

was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons, at the time to which the subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two persons. We see man and woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of Nature.

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory; but notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper Actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall show more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an Actress in the *Æneid*; but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary*, and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an argu-

ment that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work : for my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must farther add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this Poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtlety of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem : but the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the Poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man, in its full benevolence, under the three-

fold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shows such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment; I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome: by this means their countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles; and it is plain that each of those poems have

lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers or indifferent persons."

Milton's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people, he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this Poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives: we have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned; and lies at stake, in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin, as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics. 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror; because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person:' but, as that great philosopher adds, 'If we see a man of virtue, mixt with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person.'

I shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the

present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is, our own case, since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer, cannot be supposed to square exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time, since it is evident to every impartial judge his rules would still have been more perfect could he have perused the *Æneid*, which was made some hundred years after his death.

We have already taken a general survey of the Fable and Characters in Milton's *Paradise Lost*: the parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the Sentiments and the Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the Poem now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of Criticism, on look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The Sentiments, in an epic poem, are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons whom he introduces, and are just, when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The Sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. Homer is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though, at the same time, those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much in this particular: nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour

and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shows a greater genius in Shakespeare to have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar: the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history and observation. It was much easier, therefore, for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals; than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve before the fall are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. *The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very alto-*

nishing sentiments where he is not fired by the Iliad: he every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius, but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his First, Second, and Sixth Books. The Seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor, consequently, so perfect in the epic way of writing; because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural, the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil; he has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are



so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequently in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His Sentiments show that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above mentioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. Milton, it must be confessed, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall shew more at large in another paper; though, considering all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and grovelling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatness of genius, by the homeliness of *some of his sentiments*: but, as I have before said,

these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus among the Ancients, and Monsieur Perrault among the Moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the same time compare it with an instance of the same nature both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raise laughter can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whose business is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Thersites, in his history of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the Fifth Book upon Monætes, where he is represented as thrown over-board, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed, that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the book of Games and Diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the



If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only be natural, but also elevated and sublime. Milton has but a few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages.

Embrios and idiots, eremites and friers
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,
 Here pilgrims roam-----
 -----A while discourse they held,
 No fear left dinner cool; when thus began
 Our author-----
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me will curse
 My head, ill fare our ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam-----

The great masters in composition know very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors,

which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets, or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient that the Language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks Æschylus, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen Shakespeare and Lee. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the style, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatic style may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of metaphors: such are those in Milton.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.

Volume I.

R.

-----And in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tip with fire-----
 The grassy clods now calv'd-----
 Spangled with eyes-----

In these, and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold, but just; I must, however, observe, that the metaphors are not thick sown in Milton, which always favours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as Aristotle observes, turns a sentence into a kind of enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the Language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call Hellenisms, as Horace, in his Odes, abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the several dialects which Homer has made use of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many Latinisms as well as Græcisms, and sometimes Hebraisms, into the language of his Poem; as towards the beginning of it;

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel.
 Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd-
 -----Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
 Upborne with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt?
 -----So both ascend
In the visions of God----- E. vi,

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words; the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech, which this Poet has naturalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet; I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words, by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above mentioned, *eremite*, for what is hermit, in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one, by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers: but this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hefsebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *Cerlerean*, *miserere*, *bell-doom'd*, *embryon atoms*, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which shows us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever come before or after him, and made the sublimity of his Style equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's Style, because it is that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps remove the prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this account: though, after all, I must confess that I think his Style, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

These several ways of speech
language, and with w

Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened, the language of his Poem, was the more proper for his use, because his Poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound, and energy of expression, are indispensably necessary to support the style, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of Style, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he goes out of the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author, called Euclid, for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call this sort of men his prose critics.

I should, under this head of the Language, consider Milton's Numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions that are not 'customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter *Y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his Numbers in such a manner as makes them incapable of satiating the ear and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the Language of Pa-

Paradise Lost, with observing that Milton has copied after Homer, rather than Virgil, in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.

I have now considered Milton's Paradise Lost under these four great heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have shown that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I, indeed, to chuse my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the Ancient and Modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets; without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and, perhaps, several little hints that had passed in his mind perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient that a man who sets up for a

judge in criticism should have perused the authors above mentioned, unless he has a clear and logical head. Without this talent, he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confuse; or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of who would get a reputation by critical writings; though, at the same time, it is very certain that an author who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts, and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic who has not shown, even in the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd than for a man to set up for a critic without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature among our English writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking,

that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines,

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these which a sour undistinguishing critic *generally attacks* with the greatest violence. Tully

aberrate; that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *perbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, a glowing, bold expression, and to turn it into ridicule by a cold, ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty and of aggravating a fault; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has, however, its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any mixture of wit is ridiculous in itself.

Such a smirch as this is always unreasonable in a critic; as it either prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty as well as a blemish the subject of derision. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper subject is dull and stupid; but one who shows it in an improper place is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend, in my next paper, to show the defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise

these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of Boccacini, which sufficiently shows us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the sort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains.

After what I have said, I shall enter on the subject without farther preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the *Sentiments*, and the Language, of Milton's Paradise

Lost; not doubting but the reader will pardon me if I alledge, at the same time, whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the Fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The Fable of every poem is, according to Aristotle's division, either simple or implex. It is called simple, when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds. In the first, the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, till he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the story of Ulysses. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity into misery and disgrace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sinking from a state of innocence and happiness into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the Ancients were built on this last sort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of Oedipus, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains, in a former paper, to show that this kind of *implex fable*, wherein the event is

unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must, however, own that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients: particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the Tenth Book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam, at the close of the Poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier Paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, that the hero in the Paradise Lost is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The Paradise Lost is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero *upon any person in it*, 'tis certainly the Messiah is the

hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore as Heathen could not form a higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an *Heroic*. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine: it is sufficient that I show there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must, in the next place, observe that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his Fable some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death; and the picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the Second Book. Such allegories rather favour of the spirit of *Spenser* and *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the structure of this Poem he has likewise admitted of too many digressions. It is finely observed by *Aristotle*, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. *Aristotle* has given no reason for this precept; but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk.

in their own persons: besides that, assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which Cato is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was Cato, and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the Iliad and Æneid is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surpris'd to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors: Milton has, in the general disposition of his Fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch that there is scarce a third part of it which comes from the Poet: the rest is spoken either by Adam and Eve, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defense.

From what has been here observed it appears that digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the Æneid is in that passage of the Tenth Book, where Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of Pallas whom he had slain. Virgil here *lets his fable stand still* for the sake of the following

remark; 'How is the mind of men ignorant of
 'turity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with
 'moderation? The time will come when Turnus shall
 'wish that he had left the body of Pallas untouched,
 'and curse the day on which he dressed himself in
 'these spoils.' As the great event of the *Æneid*, and
 the death of Turnus, whom *Æneas* slew, because he
 saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns up-
 on this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make
 this reflection upon it, without which so small a cir-
 cumstance might possibly have slipped out of his rea-
 der's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet,
 lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his
 unnecessary digressions, or his *diverticula*, as Scaliger
 calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies
 which preceded the Civil war, he declaims upon the
 occasion, and shows how much happier it would be
 for man if he did not feel his evil fortune before it
 comes to pass, and suffer not only by its real weight,
 but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint of
 his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflecti-
 ons on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angels'
 eating, and several other passages in his poem, are
 liable to the same exception, though, I must confess,
 there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that
 I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the Characters
 of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion
 as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the Sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads. First, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the First Book, where, speaking of the pigmies, he calls them

-----the small Infantry
Warr'd on by cranes-----

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind: the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the Poem.

A third fault in his Sentiments is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was *acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.*

If, in the last place, we consider the Language of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much labour'd, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the style of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eo placidum, nihil lenè*, is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper; to which I may farther add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages, and many others :

That brought into this world a world of woe.

-----Begirt th' almighty throne,

Beseeching or besieging-----

This tempted our attempt-----

At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound.

I know there are figures for this kind of speech; that some of the greatest Ancients have been guilty of it; and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his Rhetoric among the beauties of that art: but as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is, I think, at

present, universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's Style, is the frequent use of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art. It is one of the great beauties of poetry to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers: besides that, the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner.

Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard sea and land-----

Milton makes use of larboard in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions Doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, freeze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator. To which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall, in my next papers, give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of Criticism.

I have seen in the works of a modern philosopher a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion; as it is observed that among the bright parts of the luminous body above mentioned there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shown Milton's Poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest*.

* This he accordingly did in twelve different papers in the *Spectator*.

IN

PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi, 5
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli: 10
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus:
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futura? 15
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cælum!
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros! 20

Quantum is æthereis tollit in Lucifer armis!
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!
 Quantum, et quam successis concurrat iris!
 Dum ferus hic bellas protegit, ille rapit!
 Dum vulsos, pœnesq; tela reciproca torquent, 25
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluit:
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
 Et metuit pugna non superesse sua.
 At simul in cœli Mœsiae insignia fulgent,
 Et currus armatae armaque digna Deo, 30
 Horrendamque rorâs cident, et saeva rotatum
 Erumpunt totis fulgura lustribus,
 Et flammæ vibrant, et veris tonitrua rauco
 Admissis flammis infernere polo:
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis, 35
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
 Ad pœnas fugiant, et cœu foret Orcus asylum,
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus, 40
 Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgillum culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument 5
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
(So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight. 10

Yet as I read, still growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear,
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain, 15
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was, that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel) 20
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet! nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare 25
Within thy labours to pretend a share.

Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
 And all that was improper dost omit :
 So that no room is here for writers left,
 But to detect their ignorance or theft. 30
 That majesty which through thy Work doth reign,
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane :
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
 As thou preserves, and thee, inviolate.
 At once delight and horror on us seize, 35
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease ;
 And above human flight dost soar aloft
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft ;
 The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing. 40

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find ?
 Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind ?
 Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure 45
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure ;
 While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,
 And like a pack-horse tires without his bells :
 Their fancies like our bushy points appear,
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear. 50
 I too, transported by the mode, commend,
 And while I meant to praise thee, must offend.
 Thy verse, created, like thy theme, sublime,
 In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part, worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without reason therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of private note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works as have also long since our best English tragedies, a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then, rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhiming.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great Deep. Which action pass'd over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkness, stilest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,

Volume I.

G

5

Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the Chosen Seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if 10
Delight thee more, and Sil- 11 brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The Mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild; 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round

As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover fights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where Peace 65
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou bee'st he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of Light 85
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,

Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage 95
Can else insist, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will, 106
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and shame beneath 115
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,

Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
'To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain, 125
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattel'd seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
'Too well I see and rue the dire event,
'That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns, 140
'Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less 144
'Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force as ours)

Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his bus'ness be, 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd; or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment? 155
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As be'ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulph'rous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice

Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.

See'st thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180

The seat of Desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend

From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185

And re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,

What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large 195

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den

By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :
Him haply flumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
'That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;

And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood:
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the suff'rance of supernal Power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he 245
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reas'on hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrors, hail 250
Infernal World, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of Hell, a hell of Heav'n. 255
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he

Whom thunder had made greater ? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence : 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
'Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them ~~not~~ to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell ? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285

Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wind,
He walk'd with to support uneasy ~~steps~~ 295
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Bustiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases 310
And broken chariot wheels, so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd to hand, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have you chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtues, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,

That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands. 355
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high suff'rance for the tri'al of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible

Glory of him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities :
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world. 375
Say, Muse, their name - then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof. 380
The chief were those who from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim ; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations ; and with curst things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 396
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,

In Argob and in Bafan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple' of God
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
 The pleasant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroar to ~~Nebo and the wild~~
 Of southmost ~~Abarim; in Hebron~~
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
 End Eleälé to th' Asphaltic pool.
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
 Ev'n to that hill of scandal by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Bäälim and Ashtaroth, those male,
 These feminine. For spirits when they please
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425

Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumb'rous flesh; but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their acry purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,

Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also' against the house of God was bold :
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wand'ring gods disguis'd in brutish forms

Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spi'rit more lewd 490
Fell not from Heav'n, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns Atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when Night 500
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape. 505
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,

Their boasted parents : Titan Heav'n's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd 511
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd : these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in despair, to' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast 526
Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard : that proud honor clam'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall; 534
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,

With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Scaphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds : 540
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545
With orient colors waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood. 550
Of flutes and soft recorder ; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battel, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ; 555
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and 'swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow' and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose : he through the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods, 570
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories : for never since created man
 Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry 575
 Warr'd on by cranes ; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son 580
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore, 585
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread Commander : he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
 Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost
 All her orig'inal brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess

Of glory' obscur'd ; as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Peplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-angel : but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and Care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
'Their glory wither'd : as when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
'To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal Spi'rits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change 625
Hateful to utter : but what pow'r of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse ? 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-raisd, and repossess their native seat ?
For me be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd ; our better part remains 645
'T'o work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not : that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a flame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n :
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyfs
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full council must mature : peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission ? War then, war
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake : and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim ; the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumin'd Hell : highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigad hasten'd : as when bands 675
Of pioneers with spade and pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

Volume I.

Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
 Mammon, the least erected spi'rit that fell
 From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
 Riff'd the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
 And strength and art are easily out-done
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain in many cells perpar'd,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Shu'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Seve'ring each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground

A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth, and traic the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement : from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the architect : his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a towered structure high,

Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King 73.
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 74.
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 74.
On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
To' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent 75.
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of sovran pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held 75.
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended; all access was throng'd, the gates,

And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions be
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 76
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery croud 775
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spi'rits to smallest forms

Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall 791
Of that internal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat 795
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.

16 JUL 2 18

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations led them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10

*Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold*

Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial Virtues rising, will appear 15

More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.

Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight, 20

Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne

Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25

Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30

For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will clame in Hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To clame our just inheritance of old,

Surer to prosper than prosperity

Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40

Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather chuse, 60
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Tort'rer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty engin he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself



Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benum not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd, 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce

To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being :
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne :
Which if not victory is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desp'rate revenge, and battel dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seem'd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ; 115
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success :
When he who most excels in fact of arms,

In what he counsels and in what excels 12
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access 13
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 13
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 14
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure, 14
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual be'ing,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night, 15
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe

Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck 165
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170
Awak'd should blow them into sev'n-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180

Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespite'd, unpitied, unrepriov'd, 183
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worst.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
 All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191
 Not more almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 198
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe.
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, if that fall them, shrink and fear 207
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqu'ror: this is now

Our doom; whilst Justice sustain and bear,
 Our suppliant supplications may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215
 Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225

Thus Belsal with words cloth'd in Reason's garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to dethrone the King of Heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us 235
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord Supreme

We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc'd halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
 Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odors as ambrosial flowers, 245
 Our servile offerings must be our task
 In Heav'n, this ; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent ; paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place so'er 260
 Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain
 Through labor and endurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sir

PARADISE LOST.

Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hel.
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires 271
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: such applause was heard 290
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field

They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 29
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposit to Heav'n.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 30
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pill'ar of state; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of Heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now 31
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream, 315
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude : for he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron scepter rule
 Us here, as with his golden throne in Heav'n.
 What fit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what peace will be given
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return 336
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel ? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize ? There is a place, 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd *Span*, about this time

To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favor'd more 350
 Of him who rules above ; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there are, of what mould, 355
 Or substance, how endur'd, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his kingdom ; left
 To their defence who hold it : here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The puny habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance ; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By Satan, and in part propos'd : for whence, 380
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of Mankind in one root, and earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The greater Creator ? But their spite still serves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes ; with full assent
 They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat ; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance 396
 Re-enter Heav'n ; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world ? whom shall we find
 Sufficient ? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet

The dark unbottom'd infinite abyfs, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy ile? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendant glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Scis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Bar'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
 And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty' or danger could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honor, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
 High honor'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460

To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion : intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark Destruction seek
Deliverance for us all : this enterprize 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd ; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ; 475
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heav'n :
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd 481
His own : for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief :
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the North-wind sweeps, o'er-spread
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the lowering element 490
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beams, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
 O shame to men & devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers:
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
 Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510
 And God-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result: 515
 Tow'ards the four winds four speedy cherubim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow' abyfs
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell 519
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclame.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battel in the clouds, before each van 535
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,

And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battel; and complain that Fate 550
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when spi'rits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame,
Vain wisdom all and false philosophy: 565
Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps

Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon, 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethæ the river of oblivion rolls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and be'ing forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600

Their soft ethereal warmth, and their to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands 615
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
A universe of death, which God bycurse [death,
Created ev'il, for evil only good
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.

Mean while the adversary' of God and man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of hig'hest design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635
As when far off at sea a fleet desery'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantin rock, 646
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark 654
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,

If ought disturb'd their noise into her womb,
 And hush'd them, yet there still hark'd and howl'd,
 Within confusion. For less abhor'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla basking in the sea that parts 660
 Calcein from the hoar'd Trinacrian shore :
 Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes.
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this night be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,

That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee : 685
Retire, or taste thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spi'rits of Heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the Hig'hest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain ? 695
And reckon'lt thou thyself with spi'rits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'lt defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee', and pangs unselt before.

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten-fold 705
More dreadful and deform : on th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands

No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front. 716

How'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like 721

To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forcerers that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while 731
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 74
To' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd 75
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, 75
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 76
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 76
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd

(For what could else ?) to our almighty Foe
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 7
 Through all the empyrean : down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down
 Into this deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 77½
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
 Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out Death ;
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back refounded Death.
 I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, 790
 Insam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
 Wounded me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd

And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return and howl; and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane;
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
 Dear Daughter, since thou clam'st me for thy fire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know 821
 I come no enemy, but to set free

*From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host*

Of spirits and the just, perdition'd
 Fall with us from the high & from their I go
 This uncouth ground told, and our for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unsteady deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 833
 Left Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils: be this or ought
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen 841
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

Hecceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grin'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
 His fath'n should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock

These adamantin gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
'Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high updrew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole to
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy ir'on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom hook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host 885
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace' mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
 And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery, and to battel bring
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray

By which he reigns : next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyſs
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds :
Into this wild abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow ſtrith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with ſmall) than when Bellona ſtorm
With all her battering engins bent to raſe
Come capital city'; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt Earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground; thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity : all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,

Inflect with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,
 Quench'd in a boggy fytie, neither sea,
 Nor good dry land : nigh founder'd on he fares, 94
 Treading the crude confidence, half on foot,
 Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.
 As when a gryphen through the wilderness
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspean, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold : so eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :
 At length a universal hubbub wild 951
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyfs
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bord'ring on light ; when strait behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthron'd
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign ; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name

Of Damogorgon; Rumour next and Chance, 965
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyfs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no fpy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb

The fecrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darkfome defert, as my way
Lies through your fpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loft, I feek 975

What readieft path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if fome other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Poffeffes lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound; direct my courfe; 980
Directed no mean recompense it brings

To your behoof, if I that region loft,
All ufurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her orig'inal darknefs and your fway,

(Which is my prefent journey) and once more 985
Erect the ftandard there of ancient Night;

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan: and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltring fpeech and vifage incompos'd,

Answer'd. I know thee, ftranger, who thou art, 990

That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head againft Heav'n's King, though overthrow'd.

I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Flew not in silence through the frighted Deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
 Weakening the scepter of old Night: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
 Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more indanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks:
 Or when *Ulysses* on the larbord shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd. 1020

So he with difficulty' and labor hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty' and labor he;
But he once past, soon after when Man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way 1026
Over the dark abyfs, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continued reaching th' outmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spi'rits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro 1031

To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night 1036
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
Welghs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
*Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,*

With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphir, once his native seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055

The End of the Second Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting Mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praise to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in require, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wondering he first finds a place, since call'd the Limbo of Vanity; where persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meane angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Of th' Eternal coeternal beam
*May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light*

Dwelt from eternity, dwell then in thee, 5
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the heav'n, thou wert, and at the voice 10
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd 15
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my sight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne
 With other notes than to th' Orphëan lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down 20
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, 30
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget

Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides, 35
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious nu wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, covert hid
 Tunes her noctu is with the year 40
 Seasons return, but returns
 Day, or the sweet ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of Knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

Now had th' almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view :
 About him all the sanctities of Heaven 60

ood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 attitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son; on earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the only two 65
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love
 In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament, 75
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 8
 Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main aby'ss'
 Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his
 Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,

Volume I

N

Directly tow'ards the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them w
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell. [fall
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd, I
Not what they would? what praise could they receive
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also' is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd Necessity, I
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree I
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed

Their own souls, not it: if I had known
 Forthwith: had no influence on their fault.
 Which had no help past, & certain unrepentance.
 So without least impulse or shadow of awe,
 Or sense by me immortally sent,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose: for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain
 Till they inband themselves: I can make change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first lost by their own suggestion fall.
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
 By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy' and justice both,
 Thro' Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory' excel,
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed spi'rits elect 136
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd; and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace,
 Which utt'ring thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace; 145
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

For should ~~man~~ be lost, should Man, 150
 Thy creature la ~~st~~'d, thy youngest son,
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155

Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
 Draw after him the whole race of Mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defense.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
*All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:*

Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175
His laps'd powers, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet ~~once more~~ he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear, 195
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long suff'rance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200

'That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heav'n, 20
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
'To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or Justice must; unless for him 21
Some other able, and as willing, pay
'The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 22
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 22
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjdg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 23
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

*Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way*

The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring: 235
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself for ev' er; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with Corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and swoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight

Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heav'n lo and return,
 Father, to see thy face no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, no assur'd
 And reconcilment; v I be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy pre e joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration fels'd
 All Heav'n what this might mean, and whether tend
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for Mankind under wrath, O thou 275
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 'To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
 'Though last created; that for him I spare
 'Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 'By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
 'Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
 'Their nature also to thy nature join;
 'And be thyself Man among men on earth,
 'Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,

By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room 285
 The head of all Mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many' as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy mer it 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying 306
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than *great or high* ; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds,

Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed Universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions, I reduce;
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 321
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning arch-angels to proclaim 325
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long 336
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal scepter shall lay by,
For regal scepter then no more shall need, 340

God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
 Adore him, who 'tis compass all this does;
 Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
 'No sooner had th' Almighty cons'd, but all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout 345
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
 Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast 351
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;
 Immortal amaranth; a flow'r which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of Life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence 355
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of Life,
 And where the riv'cr of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
 With these that never fade the spi'rits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side 366
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce

Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 3
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible 3
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 3
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.

Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes, 399
 Not so on Man : him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity' incline :
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive this purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 405
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of Mercy' and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love, 410
 Love no where to be found less than divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks : a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night

Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms 425
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 As when a vultur on Imaus bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams, 436
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With carts and wind their cany waggons light:
 So on this windy sea of land the Fiend 440
 Turn'd down and down alone bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living or stoic to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up rising like aerial vapors flew 445
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when Sin
 With roots had fill'd the works of men;
 Both things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
 All who were their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of pain, of persecution and blind zeal,

Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd ;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :
The builders next of Babel on the plain 466
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal would build :
Others came single ; he who to be deem'd
A god leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery. 475
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ; 480

They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystallin sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cows, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost 490
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high:
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal throne, inimitable on earth

By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n. 515
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth sailing arriv'd 520
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after times
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Panæas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
To Beër-saba, where the Holy Land

Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn 545
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The spi'rit malign, but much more envy seis'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy 556
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole 560
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way

Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570
 He stay'd not to inquire : above them all
 The golden sun in splendor likest Heav'n
 Allur'd his eye : thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far ; they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
 Days months and years, tow'ards his all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
 Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep ;
 So wondrously was set his station bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590
 The place *he found beyond expression bright,*
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone ;

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have fought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound

In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd, 610
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and th' air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620

To object distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within open a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd; but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tier 625
 Circled his head; nor left his locks behind
 Multicolour'd on his shoulders sedge with wings
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the sp'rit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
 To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
 His journey's end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
 Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
 Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright, 645
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
 Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heaven's, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou art of spi'rits that stand
In sight of God's throne gloriously bright, 655
The first art wont to execute his potent will
Interpreter through all heav'n to bring,

Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree 660
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye

To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know

All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest seraph, tell

In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670

That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold.

On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675

The universal Maker we may praise;

Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better : wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false Dissembler unperceiv'd ;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth :
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps 686
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems : which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held 690
The sharpest lighted spi'rit of all in Heav'n ;
Who to the fraudulent impostor soul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n :
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight ;

But what created mind can comprehend 705

Their number, or the wisdom infinite

That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?

I saw when at his word the formless mass,

This world's material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard wild Up roar 710

Stood rul'd, stood van le confin'd;

Till at his second bidd nefs fled,

Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:

Swift to their several quarters hasted then

The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire; 715

And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n

Flew upward, spirited with various forms

That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars

Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;

Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720

The rest in circuit walls this universe.

Look downward on that globe, whose hither side

With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;

That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light

His day, which else as th' other hemisphere 725

Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring Moon

(So call that opposite fair star) her aid

'Timely' interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,

With borrow'd light her countenance transform 730

Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,

And in her pale dominion checks the night.

That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 731
 Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
 As to superior spi'rits is wont in Heav'n,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 741
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,

Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now, 5
While time was, our first Parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret Foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of Mankind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devi'llish engin back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now Conscience wakes Despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O Thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,

Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminifh'd heads; to thee I call, 35
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs King;
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard. 45
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; liſted up ſo high
I ſeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher 50
Would ſet me hig'heſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdensome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind 55
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60

Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay curs'd be thou: since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,

While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and scepter high advanc'd 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery ; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state ; how soon 94
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void :
For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell Hope, and with hope farewell Fear,
Farewel Remorse : all good to me is lost ;
Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least 110
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair ;
Which mark'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd 116

Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practis'd falshood under faintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went, and on th'Assyrian mount 126
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd: and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large

Into his nether empire neighbouring round : 145
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mix'd :
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
Than in fair evening cloud or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
That landskip : and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest ; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles :
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend 166
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound,
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill

Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd cast
On the other side: which when the Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200

Of immortality. So little knows
Any but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worse abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in T'elassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life, 220
Our death the tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd 226
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,

Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account; 235
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
'The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only', and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:

Another fide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian ile 275
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote

From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both 295
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valor form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,

Volume I.

Q

Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honor dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
With shows instead, more shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and 320
So pass'd they 325
Of God or angel, 330
So hand in hand 335
That ever since in 340
Adam the goodliest 345
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green 350
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labor then suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 355
More grateful, to their supper fruits they sell,
Nectarin fruits which the complaisant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savory pulp they chew, and in the mind 360
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 365

All beasts of th' earth, fowls wild; and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, unicorns, panther,
 Gambol'd before them; th' awfully elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; cloth the serpent by
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine:
 His braided train, and of his fatal girth
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
 Couch'd, and new fill'd with pasture-gazing fat,
 Or bedward summing; for the sun
 Declin'd was heaving now with pyres cancer
 To th' ocean illu, and in th' ascending smoke
 Of Heav'n the stars that after evening rose: 355
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood;
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
 Creatures of other mould, Earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The Hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah gentle Pair, ye little think how nigh 366
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,

More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n
 Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied: Love with you I seek,
 And mutual amity wait, so close,
 That I with you mix'd as well, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise our sense, yet such

Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd

Of these four-footed kinds, himself now one,
 Moves other, as their shape serv'd best his end,
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
 By word or action mark'd: about them round
 A lion now he stalks with sery glare;
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
 In some parlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 'Torn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole Partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite; 415
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this only charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the tree of Life;

So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given 430
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy 445
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.

Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposit 460
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do, 475
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd; 480

Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with cyce
 Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first Father; half her swelling breast 495
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her beauty and fascinate charms
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
 That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 506
*The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,*

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least 510
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden? 515
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd; 529
A chance but Chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,

But with fly circumspection, and began
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his
 Mean while in utmost longitude, where heav'n [room.
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise
 Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
 Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
 About him exercis'd heroic games
 Th' unarm'd youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555
 On a sun beam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thrusts the night, when vapors fir'd
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner
 From what point of his compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere

A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image : I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait ;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him : one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the Deep, to raise
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide : in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n ; and since meridian hour
No creature thence : if spi'rit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n 591
Beneath th' Azores : whether the prime orb,

Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volúbil Earth,
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there 895
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompaigned; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd · now glow'd the firmament
Whith living saphirs : Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest 611
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines 615
Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620

While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst 635
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is Woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth 645
After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,

Volume I.

R

And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train :
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor reply'd.

Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain 665
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only' inlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night : how often from the steep 686
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds 686
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r ; it was a place 690
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use ; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side 695
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
Rear'd high their florish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic ; underfoot the violet, 700
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none,

Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
 And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715
 In sad event, when to th' unwiser son

Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire;

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd

The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,

And starry pole: Then also mad' st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day, 725

Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help

And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place

For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.

But thou hast promis'd from us two a race

To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity and place and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be' it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760

Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest Pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. 775
Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accusom'd hour stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North;
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
From these, two strong and subtle spi'rits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed

Search through this Garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.

This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd

Who tells of some infernal spirit seen

Hitherward bent (who could have thought ?) escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt : 795

Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,

Dazzling the moon ; these to the bow'r direct

In search of whom they sought : him there they found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800

Assaying by his devilish art to reach

The organs of her fancy', and with them forge

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint

Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise 805

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise

At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,

Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,

Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810

Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure

Touch of celestial temper, but returns

Of force to its own likeness : up he starts

Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark

Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815

Fit for the tun some magazine to store

Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air :
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back slept those two fair angels half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy shape the same, 835
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible; abash'd the devil stood;
 And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
 His lust; but chiefly to find here observ'd
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet fears'd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the fonder not, the faint,
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
 Will save us time what the best can do
 Single against thee wicked, and therefore weak.

The Fierc'd reply'd not, overcome with rage;
 But like a proud flood join'd, went haughty on,
 Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-courding guards
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble foot
 Hastening this way, and now by glimpses discern
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of regal port,
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
 Not likely to part hence without contest;

Stand firm, for in his look Defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow. 885
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wife,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place 891
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I fought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900

But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.

O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905

And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

However, and to 'scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief, 920
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting angel; well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
The blasting volied thunder made all speed,

And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd.
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wife to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme?

And thou, fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch : wherefore but in hope 960
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant ;
Fly thither whence thou fledst : if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
Proud liminary cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them ; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Left on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves

Prove chaff. On t'other side Satan alarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dread
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise [de
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Aстреa and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air. In
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in these he put two weights
'The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend. In

Satan I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, In
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [w
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light,)

If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled 1014
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of Night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Morning approaches
he likes it not,
bors: their m
render Man in
obedience, of his fr
and why his e
Raphael comes
ming discern'd
he goes out to meet him, brin
the choicest fruits of Paradi
at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state
and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and
how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and
the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts
of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading
all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes
him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was acry light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side

Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye,
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design,
But of offense and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: Methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields

To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things, in vain,
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but 45
 In whose sight all th
 Attracted by thy be
 I rose as at thy call,
 To find thee I direct
 And on, methought,
 That brought me on a
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
 And as I wondring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd 56
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despis'd? 60
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?
 This said, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd 65
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
 But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,

Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men : 70
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savory smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various : wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
Best image of myself and dearer half, 95

The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,

Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world ;
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim, 140
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various stile ; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 152

To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heav'ns 156
To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of Light, 160
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 163

Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling Morn,
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul;
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies; 176
And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow 195
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,

Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
 To wed her elms, and out him twines
 Her marriageable, and h her brings
 Her dow'r th' ad to adorn
 His barren leaves, employ'd beheld
 With pity Heav'n, and to him call'd 220
 Raphael, the sociable, at deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and ar'd
 His marriage with the seven times-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
 Satan from Hell 'scap'd through the darksome gulf
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all Mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will, 235

Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He serve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 24
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Left wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245
So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
Plew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the Sovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd 260
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:

pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Jove or Samos first appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winsnows the buxom air; till within soar 270
Of towering eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When to inhume his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Graph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad canic mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair 280
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honor rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound 290
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come

Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows

T 2

More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, Earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;

Save what by frugal storing firmness gains

To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes : 325

But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel guest, as he

Beholding shall confess, that here on earth

God hath dispens'd his bounties as in heav'n. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste

She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent

What choice to chuse for delicacy best,

What order, so contriv'd as not to mix

Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335

Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;

Restirs her then, and from each tender stalk

Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields

In India East or West, or middle shore

In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340

Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat

Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,

She gathers, tribute large, and on the board

Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape

She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345

From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd

She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold

Wants her fit vessels pure, then flows the ground
With rose and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while her primitive great Sirr, to meet 350
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all a-gape.
Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two' only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, til this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spi'rits of Heav'n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower 375

O'erthades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veil
She needed. Virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail 385
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began 396
Our Author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The earth to yield; unsavory food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That our celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part 405
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements 415
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even 425
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,

As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spi'rits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw
'Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech

Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged hierarch reply'd,
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower 481
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive, or intuitive ; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance : time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare ; 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly paradises dwell ; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505
 To whom the Patriarch of Mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious Guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our Knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference whercon 510
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient ? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515

Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend; That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other chuse?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine Instructor, I have heard, that when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aerial music send : nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free ;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me', and still assure : though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred Silence to be heard ;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphaël
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me', O Prime of Men,
Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
Of warring spirits ? how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood ? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal ? yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd ; and what surmounts the reach

Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if Earth
Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein 575
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where Earth
Upon her center pois'd; when on a day [now rests
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host
Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye angels, progeny of Light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

'This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
 United as one individual soul 610

For ever happy: him who disobey,
 Me disobey, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into' utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.
 'That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the Sacred Hill;
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
 'Then most, when most irregular they seem;
 And in their motions Harmony divine 625
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd

(For we have also' our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous; all in circles as they flood,
'Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635
On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,
'They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
Now when ambrosial Night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
In darker veil) and roseat dews dispos'd
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of Life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept 654
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course

Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
Alternate all night long : but not so wak'd
Satan ; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n ; he of the first,
If not the first arch-angel, great in power, 666
In favor and preeminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear 664
'Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain, [pair'd.
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd the throne supreme 670
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear ; what sleep can close
'Thy eye-lids.' and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart ;
Both waking we were one ; how then can now
'Thy sleep dissent ? New laws thou seest impos'd ;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate 681
What doubtful may ensue : more in this place
'To utter is not safe. Assemble thou

Of all those myriads which we lead the chief ;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night 685
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the North ; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false arch-angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disincumber'd Heav'n, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity : but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great Potentate ; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n ;
His countenance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710
Mean while th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns

Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decrees;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full splendence, heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we clame
Of diety or empire; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear, •
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power

<i>Book V.</i>	PARADISE LOST.	235
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event		740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue		
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.		
So spake the Son ; but Satan with his powers		
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host		
Innumerable as the stars of night,		745
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun		
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.		
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies		
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones		
In their triple degrees ; regions to which		750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more		
Than what this garden is to all the earth,		
And all the sea, from one entire globe		
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd		
At length into the limits of the North		755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat		
High on a hill, for blazing, as a mount		
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers		
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;		
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call		760
That structure in the dialect of men		
Interpreted) which not long after, he		
Affecting all equality with God,		
In imitation of that mount whereon		
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,		765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd ;		
For thither he assembled all his train,		
Pretending so commanded, to consult		

About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain

Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775

All power, and us eclips'd, under the name
Of King Anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best

With what may be devis'd of honors new 780

Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd
To one and to his image now proclam'd ?

But what if better counsels might erect 785

Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?

Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee ? ye will not, if I trust

To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790

By none, and if not equal all, yet free,

Equally free ; for orders and degrees

Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

Who can in reason then or right assume

Monarchy over such as live by right 795

His equals, if in power and splendor less,

In freedom equal ? or can introduce

Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience, when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd 805
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son by right endued 815
With regal scepter, every soul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded power.

Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of Heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good, 826



Against thee are gone forth without recal; 885
That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895
So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd,
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought ; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

From the APOLLO PRESS,
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END OF VOLUME FIRST.

BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CRADOCK to CHURCHILL.



MILTON VOLUME II.
Rise & went forth among her fruits & flowers.

Printed by W. Bell, York Street, No. 24.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON;

FROM THE
TEXT OF DR. NEWTON AND OTHERS;
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

AND A CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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PARADISE LOST.

A POEM, IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

FROM THE

TEXT OF DR. NEWTON AND OTHERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Grail!

PROPERT.

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A POEM IN TEN BOOKS

BY JOHN MILTON

IN THREE VOLUMES

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhom'd both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless Angel unpursued [Morn,
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way; 'till
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [Heav'n
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold

Empyrean; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattl'd squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in prospect, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost: on to the Sacred Hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than e'er thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
By right reason for their law, and for their king
By merit, who by right of merit reign.

Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious ; them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.

So spake the Sov'reign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreathes, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd ; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow : 60
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind

Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 40
In battailous aspect, and hearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now

wixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
 Came tow'ring; arm'd in adamant and gold: 1
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores:

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and reality
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength and mig
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, 'trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try; whose reason I have try'd 1
 Unsound and false; nor is it ought but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd:

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach
 The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side

Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn, too late,
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd: Ill for thee, but in wish'd-hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, 'since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none: But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;

At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd:
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heav'n God, ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from sight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge

He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel thrones, ~~but~~ age to see
 Thus foil'd their mis ~~adventure~~ joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory, ~~dire~~ 201
 Of battle; whereat ~~sound~~
 Th' arch-angel tru ~~gh~~ the vast of Heav'n
 It sounded, and the fa ~~mies~~ rung
 Hosanna to the High'es ~~r~~ stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her centre shook: What wonder? when
 Millions of fire-encount'ring Angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of power

Army' against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb;
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length 249
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand

He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference: at his approach
 The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in I ch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'o th hostile frown 260
 And visage all infl s began:
 Author of ev'il, thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, eous, as thou seest
 These acts of ha ar eful to all,
 Though heavies by just measure on thyself,
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here
 To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280
 So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
 The Adversary: Nor think thou with wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds

Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height 300
Of godlike pow'r? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign

Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both with next to' almighty arm
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of pow'r at once to appear'd
 In might or swift prevail'd, but the sword
 Of Michael, from the hand of God,
 Was giv'n him temper'd that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist in what it met
 The sword of Satan with all force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shar'd
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial spi'rits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.

**Yet soon he heal'd ; for spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.**

**Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch furious king ; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names**

Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancell'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed Rout
 Enter'd, and foul Disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale Fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd; 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood

Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound; though from their place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war :
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd : on the foughten field 410
Michaël and his Angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires : On th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night ;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began :

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days ?)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon condemn'd ;
Since now we find this our empyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn;
 And cloudy in aspect thus answer'd spake: 450
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive; overturns

All patience. He who, therefore, can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd :
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems and gold ;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light ?
These in their dark nativity, the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame ;
Which into hollow engines long and round,
Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive ;

Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.

He ended, and his words their drooping sheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy' it seem'd. 499
Once found, which yet unfound most would have
Impossible: yet haply of thy race [thought
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None a guing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of Nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor has this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed-
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night,
Secret they finish'd and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair Morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon branded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe 330
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd:

Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamant:ine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattl'd: when behold 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd

On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see how we seek
Peace and concord in open breast 560
Stand ready to they like
Our overture, k perverse;
But that I doubt less Heaven,
Heav'n witness, le we discharge
Freely our part nted stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd : 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd

With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Imbowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590
Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? If on they rush'd, repulse 600
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:

O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we, 610
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd -
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood: 620
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spi'rits of purest light, 660
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose; and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits

Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things; foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fully
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transfer'd: whence to his Son,
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began:
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 68
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore had been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd:
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 69
Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which make
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 704
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine

Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue' and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare ;
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep :
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring spake :

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just ; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730

And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate; and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine, [sound
Dawning through Heav'n: forthrush'd with whirlwind
The chariot of paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.

He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd: 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spi'rits could such perverseness dwell?

But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy; and aspiring to his height,
 Stood re-embarras'd with force or fraud
 Weaning to part, with strength prevail
 Against God and his Son, to fail
 In universal ruin
 To final battle did, with flight,
 Or faint retreat; at the Son of God
 To all his host on either hand thus spake: 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd
 By me; not you but me they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, to' whom in Heav'n supreme
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
 Hath honour'd me according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;

That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor oth. r strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night: under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode 840
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels

Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accus'd, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wanted vigour left them drain'd, 851
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n :
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heav'n, which opening wide, 860
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
 Into the wasteful deep ; the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
 Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;

Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 380
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890
On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on earth
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid ;
The discord which befel, and war in Heav'n
Among th' angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan ; he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery ;

Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

910

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his resurrection into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down

Volume II.

D

Return me to my native element :
 Lest from this flying Hell I have in'd, (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted, on the Aëlian field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. 39
 Half yet remains unchang'd, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
 Standing on earth, but not above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days ;
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude: yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 39
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few,
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
 Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fall not thou, who thee implores ;
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphaël,
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
 Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasy, by what befall in Heav'n
 To those apostates, lest the like befall
 In Paradise to Adam or his race, 40

Charg'd not to touch the inderdicted tree;
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites;
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest:
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world; thou hast reveal'd,
Divine Interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not see

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing, as th' highest wisdom seem'd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
 Through all eternity so late to build
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we, not to explore the secrets, ask
 Of his eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify his works, the more we know.
 And the great light of day yet wants to run
 Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heav'n,
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of nature from the unapparent deep:
 Or if the star of evening and the moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring

Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the godlike Angel answer'd mild: 110
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds, beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite to know
Or measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd

Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid : 149
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, us disposess'd,
 He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites ;
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create
 Another world, out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :
 My overshadowing spi'rit and might with thee

I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the deep, because I Am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space;
 Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
 And put not forth my goodness which is free
 To act or not, necessity and chance
 Approach not me; and what I will is fate.
 So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
 And th' habitations of the just; to him
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom hath ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, instead
 Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Meanwhile the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with omnipotence, with rulance crown'd
 Of majesty divine, sapience and love

Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
 From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:
 Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stay'd the feryd wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
Thus be thy just circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd; and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ether'al, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quire, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;

Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praise'd
 God and his works, Greater him they sung,
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament
 Amid the waters, and let it divide
 The waters from the waters: and God made
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so be the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
 Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
 And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: So even
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
 Of waters, embryo-immature involv'd,
 Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said
 Be gather'd now, ye waters, under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry land appear:
 Immediately the mountains huge appear

Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the aky :
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste ; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods : as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where wave they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill, 300
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore ;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd Seas :
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad

Her universal face with pleasant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed 321
Embattl'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were
crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt. 330
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of Heav'n, to divide 340
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n

To give light on the earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither as to their fountain other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his East the glorious lamp was seen, 370
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the grey
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd

Shedding sweet influence: less bright the sun,
 But opposite in Jewell'd West was set.
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,
 385
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights individual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With her bright luminaries, that set and rose,
 Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
 And let fowl fly above the Earth with wings.
 Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n. 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' Earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves

Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance . . .
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend . . .
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food . . .
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal . . .
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gate
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan, . . .
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge 420
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane 430
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings:

Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft laye:
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan, with arch'd neck,
 Between her white wings mantling proudly rose;
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and sing on stiff penons; tower
 The mid aerial sky: others on ground
 Walk'd firm: the crested cock, whose strident sound
 The silent hours, and th' ether whose gay train
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose
 With evening harp and matin, when God said,
 Let th' Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things; and beast of th' Earth,
 Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose; they walk'd;
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd 471
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of Summer's pride
With spots of gold and purple', azure and green:
These as a line their long dimensions drew, 480
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonality: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,

The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call:

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And wor'ship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea, and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man

Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God.
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd Mankind, and said, 530
Be fruitful; multiply, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it; and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprize thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world

Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air 560
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung.
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount

Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father, for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison : of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
Creation and the six days' acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy power : what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee ? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels ; thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd ; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire ? easily the proud attempt
Of Spi'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee against his purpose serves

To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n
 From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers " 630
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung
 With halleluiahs: thus was sabbath kept.
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
 How first this world and face of things began,
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning, that posterity
 Might learn'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
 Beyond, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

The Argument.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam asserts, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd:
What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world

Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such 30
Their distance argues and their swift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For ought appears, and, on their obs impose 30
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve 40
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd m,

Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
Her husband the relator she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses ; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd ?
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her, as queen, 60
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd :

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire ; or if they list to try

Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'n's
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere
 With centric and eccentric scribled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit: consider first, that great 90
 Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,
 Though in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;
 That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition rest

Ordain'd for use to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual; me thou think'st not slow, 110
Who since the morning hour set out from Heav'n,
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden, distance inexpressible,
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his ways from human sense,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if seventh to these
The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move? 130
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel

Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth industrious of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night
This Earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants : her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there ; and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light, 150
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in Heav'n 160
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the sun,
He from the East his flaming road begin,
Or she from West her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even

And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose : joy thou 170
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve ; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :
Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd :
How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end ;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the palme wisdom ; what is more, is fume
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,

And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek:
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire

Gladly into the ways of God with Man :
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love : say therefore on ;
For I that day was absent, as befit,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of Hell ;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to insure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the Coasts of Light
Ere sabbath evening : so we had in charge.
But thy relation now ; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our Sire :
For man to tell how human life began 250
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from sourdest sleep
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun

Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed,
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power præeminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore. 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,

On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle Sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a Dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: erst came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise.
First Man; of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I becom thy guide
To the Garden of Bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd; 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide; inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell

Submiss: he rear'd me', and whom thou sought'st I
Said mildly, author of all this thou seest [am,
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320
Of every tree that in the garden grows.
Eat freely with glad heart; for here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same

Of fish within their wat'ry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low; 350
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God indued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heav'nly Vision thus presum'd:

O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, author of this universe, 360
And all this good to man? for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd:

What call'st thou Solitude? is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the air 370
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power;
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd:
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice 400
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone

From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
Who have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents 410
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd: To attain
The heighth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found: not so is man,
But in degree the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite, 420
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what heighth thou wilt 430
Of union or communion, deify'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacency find.
Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd

This answer from the gracious voice divine:

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou had rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free, 44
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 48
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of Sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes:
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 46
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood:
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took

From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew 470
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now.
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spi'rit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud: 490
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts; nor envious I now
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh

Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.
(She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty, 504
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower. 510
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp. 520
Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of Beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact,
For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of Nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties which most excel,
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shows;
Authority and Reason on her wait.
As one intended first, not after made

Occasionally ; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and Nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow : 56a

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part ;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things

Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.

For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,

An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well

Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

Not thy subjection : weigh with her thyself ; 57x

Then value : oft-times nothing profits more

Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right

Well manag'd ; of that skill the more thou know'st,

The more she will acknowledge thee her head,

And to realities yield all her shows :

Made so adorn for thy delight the more,

So awful, that with honour thou may'st love

Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.

But if the sense of touch whereby mankind

Is propagated seem such dear delight 58a

Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd

To cattle and each beast ; which would not be

To them made common and divulg'd, if ought

Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

The soul of man, or passion in him move.

What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
In rea'son, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd:
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free 610
Approve the best, and follow' what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

The Argument.

Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm: enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now? the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden. The serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat: she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her: and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd; I now must change

Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
 And disobedience: on the part of Heav'n
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n, 10
 That brought into this world; a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
 Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall, or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long 20
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;
 If answerable style I can obtain,
 Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplo'd;
 And dictates to me slumb'ring; or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse:
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mas't'ry to dissect
 With long and tedious havock lab'd knights 30
 In battles figh't; the better fortitude
 Of Patience and heroic Martyrdom:
 Unsung; or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting, and list, Imblazon'd shields,
 Impresses, and crests, caparisons and accoutrements

Active within beyond the sense of brute.

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd :

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built 100
With second thoughts, reforming what was old !
For what God after better worse would build ?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence ! As God in Heav'n
Is center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves ! but I in none of these
Find place or refuge ; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
Torment within me', as from the hateful siege
Of contraries ; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme ;

Nor hope to be myself less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe,
 In woe then; that Destruction wide may range:
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 Th' infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almighty stil'd, six nights and days
 Continued making, and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps 140
 Not longer than since I in one night freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original, 150
 With heav'nly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel wings,

And flaming ministers to watch and light of seas and
 Their earthly charge: of these the nightshade hid
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist, not
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry into
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find me
 The serpent sleeping, in whose many folds not
 To hide me, and the dark intent of being is horror
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With gods to sit the highest, and now am brought
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, my soul
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute, to debase
 That to the height of Deity aspir'd, how am I fall'n
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite
 Of Heav'n, this man of clay, Son of Despair,
 Whom us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find
 The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
 His head the midst, well stor'd with coiled wrinkles
 Not yet in horrid shade or diurnal den,

Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless unfear'd he slept : in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intelligential ; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From th' Earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell ; forth came the Human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs : 200
Then commune how that day they beat may ply
Their growing work : for much their work outgrew,
The hands' dispatch of two gard'ning so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began ;

Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task injoin'd ; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or crop, or bind, 210
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present ;
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:
 Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear,
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
 How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind; or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,
 Love not the lowest end of human life:
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us : but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield :
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befal thee sever'd from me ; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault ; and some where nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need ; 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gavè thee be'ing, still shades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd :
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,

And from the parting angel over-heard, ; ..
As in a shady nook I stood behind, ..
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers. .
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such .
As we, not capable of death or pain, ..
Can either not receive, or can repel. . . .
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers .
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love .
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd ; [breast,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear ? .
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd : 290
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperes
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof . .
Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong, 300
Though ineffectual found : misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert .
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light,

Nor thou his malice and false guilt condemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or ever-reach'd
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial chuse
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not indued
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 330
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And what is faith, love, &
Alone, without exterior help
Let us not then suspect our
Left so imperfect by the M
As not secure to single or co
Frail is our happiness, if this
And Eden were no Eden thus
To whom thus Adam fervent
O Woman, best are all things
Of God ordain'd them; his crea
Nothing imperfect or deficient
Of all that he created, much less
Or ought that might his happy sta
Secure from outward force; with
The danger lies, yet lies within hi
Against his will he can receive no
But God left free the will, for what
Reason is free, and Reason he made
But bid her well beware, and still en
Lest by some fair appearing good sur
She dictate false, and misinform the
To do what God expressly hath forbid
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjo
That I should mind thee oft, and mind
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was wa

tion then, which to avoid
 nd most likely if from me
 : trial will come unsought.
 approve thy constancy, approve
 nce; th' other who can know,
 attempted, who attest?
 ik, trial unsought may find 370
 'than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 y, not free, absents thee more;
 e innocence, rely
 ast of virtue, summon all,
 rds thee hath done his part, do thine.
 Patriarch of mankind; but Eve
 ubmiss, though last, reply'd.
 mission then, and thus forewarn'd
 t thy own last reasoning words
 hat our trial, when least sought, 380
 h perhaps far less prepar'd,
 go, nor much expect
 will first the weaker seek;
 ore shall shame him his repulse.
 from her husband's hand her hand
 ew; and like a Wood-nymph light,
 ly, or of Delia's train,
 he groves, but Delia's self
 'd, and goddess-like deport,
 she with bow and quiver arm'd 390
 ga:d'ning tools as art yet rude,
 , had form'd, or Angels brought.
 mona, thus adorn'd,

And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd,
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd;
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd:
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or defolent left
 Of all that he created, much less man,
 Or ought that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power;
 Against his will he can receive no harm.
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason is free, and Reason he made right,
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpriz'd
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love injoin,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me,
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.

Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find 370

Us both secure; than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay; not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submits, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willingest I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew; and like a Wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gate surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd 390
But with such gad'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,

Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd,
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd 400
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose:
Such ambush hid among sweet flowers and shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendence or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet 420
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, purple', azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays 430
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd 440
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more.

She most, and in her look sums all delight :
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone ; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action overaw'd 460
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :
That space the Evil-one abstracted stood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge ;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulati. g, thus excites : [sweet
Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? with what
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us ! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying ; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles ; behold alone 480
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,

And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

490

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold a surging maze his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique 500
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought

500

Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers; and shifts her sail:
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the field;
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,

His fraudulent temptation thus began:

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,

Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst
 A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd [be seen
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd;
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake:

What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?

The first at least of these I thought deny'd
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound;

The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much rea'son, and in their actions oft appears.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
 I knew, but not with human voice indu'd;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?

Say, for such wonder claims attention due?

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd:

Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,

Easy to me it is to tell thee all 569

What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be

I was at first as other beasts that graze [obey'd:

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,

As now I am; nor ought but food discern'd

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savory odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
Then smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require 590
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill.
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers, and speech 600
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind

Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, universal dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd:
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:
Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy

Brightens his crest. As when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spi'rit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way 640
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far :
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe ;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice ; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied :
Indeed ! ha'h God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air ?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless : Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat, 660
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
 The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love. [bold
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
 As when of old some orator renown'd
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Sometimes in heighth began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
 So standing, moving, or to heighth up grown,
 The Tempter all impassion'd thus began:

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of science, now I feel thy power
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
 Queen of this Universe, do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die.
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge; by the Threat'ner? look on me;
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
 Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast

Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise

Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just;
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human gods,
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
Tho' threat'n'd, which no worse than this can brir
And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are fi st, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree.

That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more 730
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then; and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
So Savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd:

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding

Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want :
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward-freedom ? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die !
How dies the serpent ? he hath eat'n and lives
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and disc
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented ? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd ?
For beasts it seems : yet that one beast which
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty ?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise : what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and min
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ea
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her sei
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of w

That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve,
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought. 793
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
 And knew not eating death : satiate at length,
 And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began :

O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
 In Paradise, of operation bless'd
 To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created ; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning and due praise, 800
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all ;
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the gods who all things know ;
 Though others envy what they cannot give ;
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide ; not following thee, I had remain'd

In ignorance ; thou open'st Wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire, 810
 And I perhaps am secret ; Heav'n is high,
 High, and remote to me from thence distinct
 Each thing on Earth is mine are perhaps
 Future life K

May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power 120
 Without copartner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior; for inferior who is free?
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
 But first low rev'rence done, as to the power
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd
 From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown, 840
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest—
 Great joy he promis'd to his throng

Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him; he the falt'ring measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted; by the tree
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand 850
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,

Which with bland words at will she thus address'd:

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence, agony of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
 Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:

This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect
 To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
 And hath been tasted such; the serpent wise,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870
 Endued with human voice and human sense,

miration, and with me

prevail'd, that I

Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke:

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost; how on a sudden lost,
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate

The sacred fruit forbidden ? some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die ;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ? 910
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart ; no, no, I feel
The link of Nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Re-comforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd : 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past who can recal, or done undo ?
Nor God omnipotent, nor Fate ; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste ;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives as thou saidst, and gains to live as man

Higher degree of life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be gods, or angels demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fall,
 Dependence made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say; fickle their state whom God
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
 He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next? 950
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of Nature draw me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
 So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd: 960
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high!
 Engaging me to emulate, but short

Of thy perfection how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union bear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather than death or ought than death more dread
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 970
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unéquall'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to' incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.

How darken'd; Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame, he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the harlot lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and his face
Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes
Open'd we find, indeed, and find we know
Both good and ev'il, good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence the evil store;
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shaws
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze

Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as ev'ning : cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen ;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose 1100
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between ;
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, 1111
And with what skill they had, together sow'd,
To gird their waist, vain covering if to hide.

Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
 To that first naked glory! Such of late,
 Columbus found th' American, so first
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores
 Thus fenc'd, and as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind;
 They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For understanding rul'd not, and the will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran reason claim'd
 Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd:

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words and stay'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee, we had then
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.
 To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve

What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe !
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps ? Hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake ; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm,
Was I to' have never parted from thy side ?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst ?
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom, then first incens'd, Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee ?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing ? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ? 1170
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, for
The danger, and the lurking

Volume II.

That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in women overtrusting
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook,
And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

The Argument.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of His Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despicable act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how

He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to' have still remember'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For man, tor of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the suble Fiend had stol'n 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heav'n gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim Sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'ards the throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30
And easily approv'd; when the Most High

Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice :
Assembled Angels, and ye Powers return'd,
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad errand, man should be seduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His Free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounc'd that day ?
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son ? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd 60

Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge men fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
To'ward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:

Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'st ever rest well pleas'd: I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou know
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory: him thrones and pow'
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heav'n gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of g

Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild judge and intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among 100
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen afar off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath though first
To' offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God 111
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief:
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile reply'd:
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoic'd: how is it now become 120

So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, reply'd :
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin, and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sovran Presence thus reply'd :
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee' above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150

Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection ; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few :
Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done ?
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied :
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation ; justly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature : more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew) 170
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall :
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put

Enmity, and between thine and her seed ; 180
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Air ; then rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air, .
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ; 190
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd :
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd :
Because thou' hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, say'ing, thou shalt not eat thereof : 200
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;
Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid ; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread
Till thou return unto 'he ground ; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken ; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd: that day 210
 Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so now
 As father of his family he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
 Nor he their outward only with the skins 220
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 Into his blissful bosom reasum'd
 In glory as of old; to him appeas'd
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
 In counterview within the gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began:

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
 Idly, while
 In other w
 For us his

But that success attends him; if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 240
 By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing and dominion giv'n me large
 Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind
 By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
 Inseparable must with me along : 250
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But lest the difficulty' of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try
 Advent'rous work, yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable, to found a path
 Over this main from Hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon :
 Go whether Fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innu- ad taste

The savour of death from all things there that live :
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell

Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock

Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,

Against a day of battle, to a field,

Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd

With scent of living carcases design'd

For death, the following day, in bloody fight;

So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd

His nostril wide into the murky air, 280

Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Then both from out Hell gates into the waste

Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark

Flew diverse, and with power (their power was great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met

Solid or slimy, as in raging sea

Tost up and down, together crouded drove

From each side shoaling tow'ards the mouth of Hell:

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse

Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290

Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way

Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich

Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil

Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm

As Delos floting once; the rest his look

Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;

with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,

11.

M

Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but strait I felt 361
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three :
He'll could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell gates till now, thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue' hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n ; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not ; there let him still victorsway,
As battle hath adjudg'd, from his new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by the empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad :
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty King)
Amplly have merited of me, of all

Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'n's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;
 There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise and in the air, 400
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My substitutes I send ye, and create
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
 Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.
 If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of Hell
 No detriment need fear ; go and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed 410
 Their course through thickest constellations held,
 Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
 Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
 The causey to Hell gate ; on either side
 Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation : through the gate,

Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
 And all about found desolate; for those 420
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
 Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
 Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
 Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
 There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their empe'ror sent; so he
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd: 430
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
 By Astracan over the snowy plains
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
 To Tauris or Casbeen: so these the late
 Heav'n-banish'd host left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
 Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,
 In show plebeian angel militant
 Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
 Ascended his high throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:

At last as from a cloud his fulgent head 450
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all arm'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was the acclame:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won:
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
For in possession such, not only of right, 461
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our Tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to' our native Heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell.
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep 471
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unorigi'nal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd

My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found 480
The new-created world, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to' increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved man and all his world
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound

scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
 se, wond'ring at himself now more; 510
 drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining
 er, till supplanted down he fell
 ous serpent on his belly prone,
 t, but in vain, a greater Power
 d him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
 g to his doom: he would have spoke,
 for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 l tongue, for now were all transform'd
 serpents, all as accessories 520
 ld riot: dreadful was the din
 g through the hall, thick swarming now
 npllicated monsters head and tail,
 , and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
 horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
 as (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
 but still greatest he in the midst,
 gon grown, larger than whom the sun
 'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
 thon, and his power no less he seem'd
 e rest still to retain; they all
 w'd issuing forth to th' open field,
 ll yet left of that revolted rout
 all'n, in station stood or just array,
 with expectation when to see
 sh issuing forth their glorious Chief;
 , but other sight instead, a croud

Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame [stood
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce;
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Meæra: greedily they pluck'd 560
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste,
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they' assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drag'd as oft,

With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion, not as man [plagu'd
 Whom they triumph'd once lap'd. Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.

However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd 580
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began: 590

Second of Satan sprung, all conqu'ring Death,
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have sat watch
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon:
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n,

There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, though plenty costs, all too little seems
To stuff this maw; this vast unblebbed round compass
To whom th' incessant mother thus reply'd:
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed first, on each best next, and fish and fowl;
No homely morsels; and whatever things
The scythe of Time mows down, devoutly use;
Till I in Man reading through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all inspect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, ere
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature;
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saluts among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his will:

See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havock yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me, so doth the Prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly; and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;

And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My hell-hounds; to lick up the draf and filth 630
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cram'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave at last,
 Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell,
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
 Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure;
 To sanctify that shall receive no stain,
 Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
 Sung halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
 Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song:
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge 650
 As sorted best with present things. The sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects

In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In syned unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turn askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe; some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recompence his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet turn'd

His course intended; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 650
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot;
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north
 Of Norumbega, and the Samobd shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
 And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
 Boreas and Caurus and Argestes loud
 And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn; 700
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer black with thund'rous clouds
 From Serrationa; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds
 Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,
 Sirrocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord, first
 Daughter of Sin, among the Irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy: 709
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade
 No sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,

Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint :

O miserable of happy! is this the end 72

Of this new glorious world, and me so late

The glory of that glory, who now become

Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face

Of God, whom to behold was then my heighth

Of happiness! yet well, if here would end

The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear

My own deservings; but this will not serve;

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,

Is propagated curse. O voice once heard

Delightfully, *Increase and multiply,* 730

Now death to hear! for what can I increase

Or multiply, but curses on my head?

Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling

The evil on him brought by me, will curse

My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,

For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks

Shall be the execration; so besides

Mine own that bide upon me, all from me

Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,

On me as on their natural centre light 740

Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys

Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay

To mould me man, did I solicit thee

From darkness to promote me, or here place

In this delicious garden? As my will ..

Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right

And equal to reduce me to my dust,

Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform. 750
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes?—inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be' it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day?—why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap: there I should rest

And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790
 And sin? the body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument 800
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law,
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say

That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head; both death and I
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I in my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited how would you bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? but from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last 830
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame light due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope

Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future, 840
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O Conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
 Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground, 850
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
 Said he, with one thine acceptable stroke
 To end me? shall Truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But Death comes not at call, Justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,
 With other echo late I taught your shades, 860
 To answer, and resound far other tongue.
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she accus'd:
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:

Out of my sight, thou serpent; that have best
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false

And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine may show 870
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth ; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Dev'il himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue', all but a rib
Crooked by Nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex : for either

He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :

Forsake me not thus, Adam; witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
My only strength and stay, forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express'd assign'd us,
That cruel serpent : on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,

On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou 930
Against God only', I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon:

Unwary, and too desirous; as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame

Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten 96

Each other's burden in our share of woe ;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd :

Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless, 97

Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.

If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 98
By Death at last ; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster ; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to be'ing yet unbegot.

Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
 Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990
 Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw;
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult
 Conversing, looking, loving, to obtain
 From Luv's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet;
 And with desire to languish without hope,
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread;
 Then both ourselves and send at once to fate
 From what we fear, for both, let us make short, 1000
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves:
 Why stand we longer shivering under fate,
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, her vehement despair
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
 But Adam with unsought counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd:

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret

For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling; we expected

Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee 1050
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath undesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky with various face begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our lips benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams 1070
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, (down
And sends a comfortable heat from far.
Which might supply the sun: such'

And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought 1080
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow, unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?

So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

The Argument.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our First Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation, Adam pleads, but unavailingly: the Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the sperey-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition; than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs

Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond, or frustate: in they pass'd
 Demensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Father's throne: then the glad Son
 Presenting, thus to intercede began:

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man; these sighs
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, are fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me his advocate
 And propitiation; all his works on me
 Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse).
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene :
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids :
Those pure immortal elements that know 50
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality : that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe, 60
Till I provided death ; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest [hide
Thro' Heav'n's wide bounds ; from them I will not
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd ; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Heav'n since ye began

When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom. . . Th' angelic blast
 Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat,
 In fellowship of joy, the sons of Light,
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both good and evil; since his taste
 Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite;
 My motions in him; longer than they move;
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, sower soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
 If of man, or to invade

tion, some new trouble raise.

Paradise of God.

Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soften'd and with tears 110
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee inlighten; intermix
My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd: and th' arch-angelic Power prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile
To re-salute the world with sacred light

Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbal'm'd
 The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd: 140

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy from Heav'n descends;
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appease,
 Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart, 150
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
 Home to my breast, and to my memory
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
 Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
 Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek
 Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd

A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise;
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' intitle me vouchsaf'st, 170
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night; for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now injoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs impress'd
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake:

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shows,

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more? 200

Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness e'er day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 210
A glorious apparition, had no doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220
In their bright stand there left his pow'rs to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,

While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake :

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gate 230
None of the meanest, some great potentate
Or of the thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, not sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to' offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' Arch-angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd: 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,

Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appear'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire:

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure

And wild? how shall we breath in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spi'rits return'd:
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the high'est, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair.
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable: appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by pray'r
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I will not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries: 310
But pray'r against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth;

Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence,

As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd

His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent

With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,

On this mount he appear'd, under this tree 320

Stood visible, among these pines his voice

I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:

So many grateful altars I would rear

Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

Of lustre from the brook, in memory,

Or monument to ages, and thereon

Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers:

In yonder nether world where shall I seek

His bright appearances, or footstep trace?

For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330

To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now

Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts

Of glory; and far off his steps adore:

To whom thus Michael with regard benign:

Adam, thou knowst Heav'n his, and all the earth,

Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills

Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,

Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd:

All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,

No despicable gift; surmise not then 340

His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd.

Of Paradise or Eden: this had been

Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread

All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great Progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of man; thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd: 370
Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me', and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn

My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God: It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
Not high'er that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To shew him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm 400
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence, from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,

Morocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spi'rit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
E'en to th' inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spi'rits became entranc'd; 420
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd:

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy origi'nal crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds.
I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassy sord; thither anon

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd:

O miserable Mankind, to what fall 500
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd 510
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so object is their punishment, 520
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules

To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves.

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return :
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature :
This is old age ; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray ; thy senses then 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego
To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor :

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michaël reply'd :

Nor love thy life, nor hate : but what thou liv'st

Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another sight.

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd 560
Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportion slow and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one, who at the forge
Lab'ring, two massy clods of ir' on and brass
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From under ground) the liquid ore he drain'd 570
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung

Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on :
 The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose ;
 And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd ; then all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd :
 With feast and music all the tents resound.

Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of Adam, soon inclin'd to' admit delight,
 The bent of Nature ; which he thus express'd :

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends than those two past ; 600
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
 Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael : Judge not what is best
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother ; studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 610
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise
Bred only and compleated to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the
To these that sober rate of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large ; and laugh, for w
The world ere long a world of tears must we

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft :
O pity' and shame, that they, who to live w
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid-way faint !
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his p
By wisdom and superior gifts receiv'd ;
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise ;

Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of bees, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms th' insanguin'd field
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, incamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call 660
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law

Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad : O what are these,
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother : for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680
But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?

To whom thus Michael : These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ; [selves
Where good with bad were match'd, who of them-
Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown ;
For in those days might only shall be' admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd ; 690
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be stil'd greater conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst 700
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset

With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; 710
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
And testify'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and heighth,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door 730
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large

For man and beast : when lo a wonder strange
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as tau
Their order : last the sire, and his three sons,
With their four wives ; and God made fast th
Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heav'n ; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain ; and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark cieling stood ; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen ; the floating vessel swam
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their people
Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore ; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters wheel'd
And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swam imbark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation ? thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow ' a flood thee also drown'd
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd
By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;
And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint

visions ill foreseen! better had I
 w'd ignorant of future, so had borne
 my part of evil only, each day's lot
 enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
 The burd'n of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 771
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd,
 Famine and anguish will at last consume
 Wand'ring that wat'ry desert: I had hope
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
 All would have then gone well, peace would have
 With length of happy days the race of man; [crown'd
 But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial Guide,
 And whether here the race of man will end.
 To whom thus Michael: Those whom last thou
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they [saw'st
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void; 790
 Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste
 Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby

Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth shall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only son of Light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurements, custom, and a world 810
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he with them of man and beast

et for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
 d shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
 Heav'n set open on the earth shall pour
 n day and night; all fountains of the deep
 ke up, shall heave the ocean to new
 eyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the hoisted flood
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulph,
 And there take root an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang:
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
 Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decay'd;
 And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot to'wards the Deep, who now had stopt
 His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground 850
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;

With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign: 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth:
O thou who future things canst represent 870
As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heaven
Distended as the brow of God appears'd, 880
*Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,*

t again dissolve and show'r the earth ?
whom th' Arch-angel: Dext'rously thou aim'st;
Illingly doth God remit his ire,
gh late repenting him of man deprav'd,
'd at his heart when looking down he saw
whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
pting each their way ; yet those remov'd,
grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
he relents, not to blot out mankind,
makes a covenant never to destroy
Earth again by flood, nor let the sea
ass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
man therein or beast ; but when he brings
the Earth a cloud, while therein set
riple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,
call to mind his covenant : day and night,
time and harvest, heat and hoary frost 899
hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

The Argument.

The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what sh
then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to expl
Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and
fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; th
Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and re-
these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael,
who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compo
ness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads
Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cher
their stations to guard the place.

AS one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here th' Arch-ang
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resum
Thus thou hast seen one world begin and ei
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend
This second source of men, while yet but few

And while the dread of judgment past remains
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply seed,
 Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
 With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite disjoin
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30
 With war and hostile arms such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
 A mighty Hunter thence he shall be call'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
 Or from Heav'n claiming second sovereignty;
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden towa'rs the west, shall find 40
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build

A city' and tower, whose top may reach to Heav'
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
 Obstruct Heav'n-towers, and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spi'rit to rase
 Quite out their native language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in He
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd:
 O execrable son so to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given:
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but man over men
 He made not lord; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
*But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends*

and defiance: wretched man! what food
 he convey up thither to sustain
 If and his rash army, where thin air
 the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 mish him of breath, if not of bread?
 whom thus Michael: Justly thou abhorr'st
 on, who on the quiet state of man 80
 rouble brought, affecting to subdue
 al liberty; yet know withal,
 by origi'nal lapse, true liberty
 which always with right reason dwells
 'd, and from her hath no diuidual being:
 in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
 liately inordinate desires
 start passions catch the government
 reason, and to servitude reduce
 ll then free. Therefore since he permits 90
 a himself unworthy powers to reign
 ee reason, God in judgment just
 is him from without to violent lords;
 ft as undeservedly inthral
 toward freedom; tyranny must be,
 h to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
 metimes nations will decline so low
 virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 tice, and some fatal curse annex'd
 es them of their outward liberty, 100
 nward lost: witness th' irreverent son
 who built the ark, who for the shame
 his father, heard this heavy curse.

Servant of servants, on his vicious race,
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship; O that man
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown
While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the snare
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For Gods! yet him God the Most High vouch'd
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred and false gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldaea passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his way

With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon east to the great western sea; 141
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom and renown;
The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger son. 160
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race

Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he make
Inhospitably', and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory' and spoil back to their promis'd
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments d
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill the land;
His cattle must of rot and murren die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it r
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing g
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-b
Of Egypt must lie dead. - Thus with ten wou
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice

More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore :
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200
Though present in his Angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues :
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels : when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war : the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarm'd
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life 220
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay

In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choo
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by laws ord
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's soun
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besoug
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messi'ah shall sing. Thus laws and
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant, over these
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings

Of two bright cherubim ; before him burn
Sev'n lamps as in in a zodiac representing
The heav'nly fires ; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come
Conducted by his Angel to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed : the rest 260
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome ; so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd : O sent from Heav'n, 270
Inlight'ner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would be-
come

Of me and all mankind ; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
So many and so various laws are given;

So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that Sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given 300
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
*His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back*

in the world's wilderness long wander'd man
eternal paradise of rest.

But they in their earthly Canaan plac'd

shall dwell and prosper, but when sins

interrupt their public peace,

God to raise them enemies ;

whom as oft he saves them penitent

as first, then under kings ; of whom

320

and, both for piety renown'd

assant deeds, a promise shall receive

ble, that his regal throne

shall endure ; the like shall sing

hese, that of the royal stock

d (so I name this king) shall rise

he woman's seed to thee foretold,

to Abraham, as in whom shall trust

ons, and to kings foretold, of kings

, for of his reign shall be no end.

330

a long succession must ensue,

next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,

ided-ark of God, till then in tents

ing, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.

low him as shall be register'd,

d, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,

oul idolatries, and other faults

to the popular sum, will so incense

to leave them, and expose their land,

ty', his temple, and his holy ark

340

' his sacred things, a scorn and prey

roud city, whose high walls thou saw'st

Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of sev'nty years, then brings them
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of
They first re-edify, and for a while
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the priests dissension springs
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace; their strife pollution bring
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The scepter, and regard not David's sons,
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern Sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells.
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the I
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy

**Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd :**

**O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain ;
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The Seed of Woman : Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins 380
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High ; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain : say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel ?**

**To whom thus Michael : Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow : 400
So only can high justice rest appeaid.**

The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works. 410
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430
Defeating sin and death, his two anain arms,

And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life,
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times to' appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 460

His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake th' Arch-angel Michaël, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd:

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce 470
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spi'rit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490
With spiritual armour, able to resist

Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors : for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To' evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall then with wondrous gifts indue 500
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n : at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die ; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power ; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers ; and from that pretence, 520
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force

On every conscience ; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spi'rit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty ? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith not another's ? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible ? yet many will presume : 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spi'rit and truth ; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfy'd ; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with sland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found : so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just, 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace, and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

